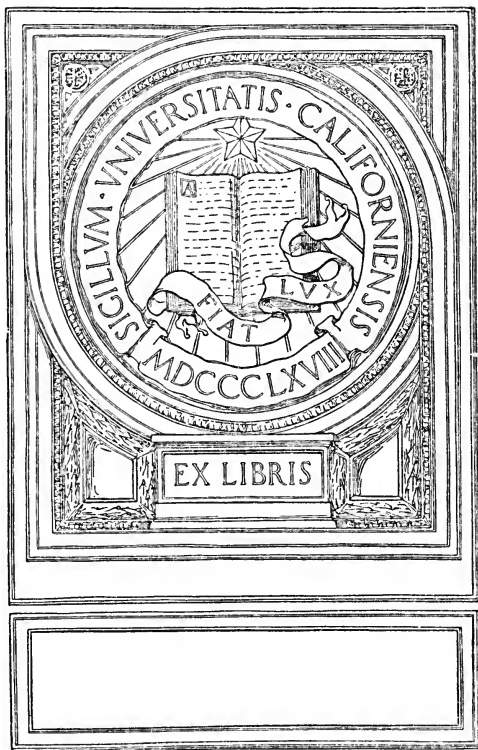


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TO  
RALPH WALDO EMERSON,  
AS  
AN IMPERFECT TESTIMONY OF REGARD  
AND GRATEFUL ADMIRATION,  
*This little Volume is Dedicated,*  
BY THE AUTHOR.

M165898  
C





## College Lyfe.

They go to scole to lern logyk and lawe, and eke contemplacion.

PIERS PLOUHMAN.

THERE stands upon a hille, al verdantlie  
Yclad with trees, and grasse, and waving graine,  
An edifice, ne very haught and highe,  
Ne lowe; of bricks ybuilt, joli and plaine;  
Beseemeth such an house there to remaine.  
A spire decks the roofe, which to the eyne  
Of wandering wighte, who there his course hath ta'en,  
Beneathe Dan Sol doth often glitterynge shine:  
And al beyonde the walles are groves and meadowes fine.

There often have I whilom conned my taske,  
Intent on booke with no huge pleasaunce fraughte,  
Withouten hope of drinke from luscious flaske,  
To speed upon his waye one labouringe thoughte:  
A booke as drye, perdie, was never boughte!  
Ofte have I nodded, filled with drowsie sleepe,  
Which Morpheus from his sombre land hath broughte,  
And oft would starte, and vigyl fain would keepe,  
Yet that same sleepie god still o'er my braine dyd  
creepe.

Then, ere I could againe my booke resume,  
O fatale finisher of al my joye!  
The glib-tongd bel would tingle through the roome,  
O cursed bel, my peace thus to destroye!  
No elfin sprite me then mote so annoye,  
Ne goblyn ghoste with hellish puissance,  
Ne byrchen swytch, ydrad by idle boye,  
Ne to the hen-peckt wighte hys wyfe's keen glance,  
More troublous seemes than this, my miserie to enhance.

For who that bel hath hearde, must strait him move,  
To roome where syts in state professour grave,  
With booke in hande, that booke he well dothe love,  
Greeke, Latin, Algeb, (Lord me from them save!)  
Eache lucklesse youthe must wel his lesson have,  
Or he eftsoons to lecture vyle is ledde,  
To answer for his sad idlesse, or brave  
The puissance of wordes he needes must dred,  
Words scattered eke like hayl on hys devoted hedde.

Yet in those walls there hearde hath been ful ofte  
By nyghte or daie the sounde of jollitie;  
But if in studie-houres, ah! then righte softe  
Some tutor ryseth up ere wighte can see,  
And stoppeth noyse of mirthe or minstrelsie,  
And sendeth eache to hys own habitance;  
Thus endeth often manye a youthful spree.  
Helps not that they complayn of this usaunce,  
For lawes must be enforced; ne left to ydle chaunce.

Ne noyse alone of merriment was hearde.  
There met the eare oftymes straunge mingled soundes,  
Not like the liquid notes of woodlande byrde ;  
More like a packe, methinks, of hungrye houndes,  
Yelping a chorus ere they slippe their boundes ;  
Fyddels ycrackt and huskie flutes were there,  
Such discorde as the very aire astoundes !  
That man must praye for deafnesse who would beare  
The chaos straunge and loude that filleth al the aire.

But who can saye with what unfeigned glee  
Eache hearte beate loude when dinner-houre dyd come,  
Then like the rysinge billowes of the sea  
Those yunkers burste from everye tedious roome.  
Not sweeter to the peasaunt is hys home,  
Hys wyfe and chyldren after travel longe,  
Ne to the Rabbi is hys sacred tome,  
Ne to the babblynge foole hys own deare tonge,  
Than is this dinner-bel to these same lerners yonge.

Anon they eate and callen out for more,  
Which to their nosethyrles, smels with savoure sweete,  
Whyle servaunts brynge them through the kytchen-door  
Potatoes hotte, and sauce, and sodden meate,  
Which, as they lickten ofte their chappes, they eate,  
Then loudlie call againe for thys or that :  
I wot not why they dye not of surfeite,  
So much they gobbel up, both leane and fatte ;  
So faste their jawes do goe, small tyme is there for  
chatte.

O, then to lounge beneath the spreadyng trees,  
Where al daie long the blythe byrds singen sweete,  
There lysten to the syghing of the breeze,  
There byd the echoes manie a note repeate,  
Whyles al arounde the skie waxe warme with heate,  
And lyttel flies dyd hum a drowsie song.  
And some, *mosquitoes* highte, dyd byte our feete,  
Suckyng the bloode, with tube instead of tong,  
Whenas we brushed them off, so much the more they  
stung.

Sometymes we wandered by a sylvan streame,  
That made soft murmurings on a summer's daie,  
Along its bankes how often dyd we dreame,  
And see its darke greene waters glyde awaye,  
Kyssing the flowers which to their brinke dyd straie.  
There, too, huge scarped rockes dyd hie appeare,  
And from the sunne dyd shelter it alwaie;  
Here as we sometymes strayed, wel mote we heare  
Sweet sounde of distant bel, or mil-wheel plashyng neare.

Alack, to change this scene it grieves me sore;  
To tel of fences clombe and plundered trees,  
How one devoured fruits enow for four,  
And each dyd such purloyn as dyd him please.  
Al this was done, perdie, with impish ease;  
Smal grypes dyd conscience give, those tymes I trow.  
But ah! how harde when much replete with these,  
To bend againe o'er bookes with clouded browe.  
No tyme was that for us to lern the Why and Howe.

O College Lyfe ! though manye a payne, I ween,  
Each lazie youthe must needs have oft yfelte,  
Still hast thou pleasaunce rare which few have seen  
Of them who ne'er at lernynge's shryne have knelt.  
Thou art the sweetest lyfe was ever dealte  
To man, from happie starres in heaven that bén ;  
Starres, ever bryghte ! sweet starres that thus do melt  
With your softe rayes the destynies of men,  
How lyttel of your wondrous influence do we ken !

1834.

## The Music of Nature.

### PART I.

A VISION o'er my soul hath swept,  
A dream of light ; 'twas music part,  
And part it was my happy heart  
Made music as I slept.

I cannot paint that glorious dream,  
Words are such cold and lifeless things ;  
Of all the life and light it brings,  
I can but give a gleam.

I wandered with a calm surprise  
Half on the earth, and half in air,  
And sometimes I went gliding where  
The ocean meets the skies.

O, it was sweet to roam away !  
No cumbrous limbs to clog the motion,  
As through the fields, the air, the ocean,  
I could not choose but stray.

Asleep in body, but awake  
In soul to all things bright and dear,  
My fancies wandered far and near,  
Nor would my slumbers break.

There seemed a ceaseless harmony,  
Which sounding every where I went  
Came ringing through the firmament,  
Or from the pathless sea ;

Or sometimes from the lonely woods,  
Or from the high o'er-watching stars,  
For silence now had burst her bars  
Through Nature's solitudes.

And then I knew that music is  
The native tongue of none but Gladness,  
That Silence weds herself to Sadness,  
Who hath no harmonies.

And still I roamed with lightsome heart,  
And from the tones so intermingled,  
Swift-gathering Fancy ever singled  
*One* voice from every part.

And first I heard the mighty ocean  
Go thundering to his empire bounds ;  
A voice of many blended sounds  
In sad and wild commotion.

The mad waves roared in spray-fire flame,  
The white storm-bird flew screaming by ;  
But sweetly from the listening sky  
The softened echoes came.

All mingled in one giant tone,  
Till stunned by the loud ocean band,  
I turned away—'twas sad to stand  
On that dark shore alone.

But to the stars my face I turned,  
And strange as it may seem, methought  
My ears a slow faint anthem caught  
From the calm orbs that burned

Amid the dark blue firmament :  
There hung the seven-stringed lyre\* on high,  
But a reckless comet came rushing by,  
And swept it as he went ;

And there came a troubled music out,  
And yet it jarred not on the ear,  
For the circling choir rang sweet and clear  
As their first morning shout.

I wandered still and heard it come ;  
It fell with the meek starlight down,  
And not a thunder voice or frown  
Passed o'er the glittering dome :

“ And yield the lyre of heaven, another string.”—CAMPBELL.



Till by the border of a wood,  
While silver moonlight edged the trees  
Where a thousand birds rocked by the breeze  
Were sleeping, soon I stood.

A soft and swelling music crept  
As from some mighty wind-harp strings,  
Too soft to wake the myriad things  
That mid the branches slept.

The winds were sifting through the pines ;  
'Twas sweet yet sad to hear them moan :  
Ah ! then I felt I was all alone  
By Nature's holiest shrines.

And deep amid the o'er-arching trees  
A low-toned waterfall was gushing ;  
Unseen, beneath, a stream went rushing  
And mingling with the breeze.

A musing spirit o'er me passed,  
And Memory took me to the day  
When in the woodlands, far away,  
I thus stood listening last.

## PART II.

SUDDEN a light flashed on my dream,  
The pensive tones of night were gone,  
And I was by a dewy lawn  
Lit by the sun's first beam.

A wandering voice went twittering by,  
It seemed a meadow-bird of spring;  
It came, on gay and glancing wing  
Fast leaping through the sky.

It bore me back to childhood's hours,  
And I was in the fields again,  
And by the stream and in the glen  
Hunting the wild wood flowers.

It did not seem so very strange,  
And yet I felt myself a child,  
As gay, as thoughtless and as wild,  
As when I knew no change.

And then came tinkling on my ear,  
As if to strengthen all this spell,  
The grazing herd's low meadow-bell:  
O, it was sweet to hear!

And I was young—my heart was light ;  
The stream of years was backward rolled ;  
How could I feel that I'd grown old,  
When Memory was so bright ?

I wandered, drinking in the sound :  
There is no music like to this  
That floats within a dream of bliss,  
When night is all around.

Through all my night there was a morn,  
A little fairy morning beaming,  
Like sunlight through a forest streaming  
On one who walks forlorn.

And all along, where'er I wandered,  
The sweet mysterious music played ;  
'Twas part around me, partly made  
Within me, as I pondered.

And part of it a mingled feeling  
Made up of joy and harmony,  
A presence that brought light to me,  
A hidden self revealing.

The sea, the stars, the winds, the trees,  
The stream, the waterfall, the dell,  
The bird, the flowers, the meadow-bell,—  
I felt that all of these

Were but the symbols of a soul  
Alive with hope or memory ;  
The mind's immortal harmony  
That through its chambers stole.

And to the spirit's listening ear,  
Whilst slept the limbs and senses all,  
Made every thing seem musical ;  
How could I cease to hear ?

And thus it may be, when this frame  
Is laid asleep in death at last ;  
The soul no longer overcast,  
To Him from whom it came,

Shall brighten upward and be free,  
And roam amid the chiming spheres,  
And feel *within*, while thus it hears,  
Eternal Harmony.

We brought it with us here below,—  
Within, without, we feel it ever ;  
Why should it not, as now, for ever  
Through an Hereafter go !

For music, I must think, was given  
To be of higher life a token,  
The language by the angels spoken,  
The native tongue of heaven !

## The Soul-Flower.

I DREAMED of a Flower that bloomed in the ocean,  
Far down—all alone,  
So deep, there was not a sound or motion,  
Nor a sea-beast's ear to catch the groan  
Of the upper sea in its strife.  
The green waves were noiseless and harmless as sleep,  
And a dim light struggled to pierce the deep,  
But all was cold and shadowless,  
And all was void and motionless,  
For here there was no LIFE,  
Saving of this one flower.  
O 'twas a starlike thing,  
A vision of calm, undying power ;  
Bell-like and deep, like an urn of pearl,  
With anthers all golden and glittering,  
And slowly its petals of white did unfurl ;  
A marble flower, yet living and growing ;  
Sweet and pure as a seraph's dream.  
O dim are the diamond and ruby's gleam,  
And the myriad gems that are glowing,  
When I think on the light of this lonely flower,  
Far down in its silent and dim sea-bower.

The storms of the upper waves ragcd on,  
But here was no tempest or noise to dread ;  
Huge wrecks and bodies of men came down,  
But they hung drifting far over head,  
They sank not down to the sacred bower  
Where bloomed the peaceful ocean-flower.  
The sea-snake and whale in their giant race,  
Were lost when they sought for this lonely place,  
And all the bright-coloured things that gleam  
And dart through the deep, were like meteors that stream  
Through a summer sky ; while the sea-stars shone,  
Some in clusters, and some alone,  
Whose far off twinklings feebly sent  
A light through the vast dim element.

And I know whenever this dream comes back,  
That there is a flower like this, on earth ;  
It hath not here its place of birth,  
And seldom may we track  
The path that leads to the inner shrine  
Where its glories spread and shine.  
Yet ye need not roam from star to star ;  
Ye need not seek this flower afar ;  
It blooms deep down in the human heart ;  
It hath no peer in the pride of art,  
It blooms in the breast of the wise and pure,  
But withers a sinful heart within,  
For its amaranth beauty cannot endure  
The blighting atmosphere of sin.

O holy and beautiful Spirit-Flower !  
Thou art no dream of an idle hour !  
Immortal as the Primal Beam—  
Too true, too lovely for a dream.

Wouldst thou know what this beauty is ?  
Wouldst thou give all to have but this ?  
Wouldst thou know how and for what to live ?  
Wouldst thou garner what worlds cannot give ?  
Then guard thine own heart : in its fathomless deeps  
The swelling bud of that flower sleeps.

Watch, lest it sleep till it wither away !  
Watch, till it opens and blooms to the day !

September, 1836.

## Ode to the Wind.

O MELANCHOLY winter Wind, that makest moan  
 So sad, so sad and low  
 Through the still midnight, while the sleeping snow  
 Lies like a death-trance, underneath the moon !  
 O Wind, that moanest that dull steady tune,  
 Like some deep organ-pipe, left all alone,  
     By sweetest seraphs left,  
     Of sacred melody bereft,  
 And given to the wild fiends of the air,  
 To blow what mad discordant tones they list,—  
 O Wind, wild as some phantom of the mist,  
 That sweeps with hollow groan the hill-side bare !  
 I hear, I hear thy sullen steady moan,  
     As here I sit alone.

Strange thoughts, strange feelings come and sit by me,  
 And look into their mirror, fantasy ;  
 Mysteries like thyself, strange Wind, thou bringest ;  
 Unto the soul, as to a harp, thou singest  
     Hymns of unearthly harmony.



Type of the Spirit to whose deeps  
Thou with thy deep dost call !  
Of that great mystery that never sleeps,  
Within the breast of all,  
O Wind, whether thou blowest sad and wild,  
Or gently breathest with glad tones and mild,  
When in the moonlit leaves the sleeping bird  
By thy bland touch is stirred ;  
Whether thou ravest mid the forests bare,  
Or bringest odours rare  
From the sweet fields that load the warm spring air :  
Thou art a shadow of the soul of man :  
Now calm, now full of joy, now frantic glee,  
And wild as wild can be ;  
Now breathing fragrance to sweet heaven, how glad !  
Anon with whirlwind fury mad,  
And often full of murmurs dull and sad,  
And hearing but its own strange harmony,  
As now, O melancholy wind, I hear no sound but thee.

St. Louis, Jan. 1837.

## Niagara.

I stood within a vision's spell ;  
 I saw, I heard. The liquid thunder  
 Went pouring to its foaming hell,  
     And it fell,  
     Ever, ever fell  
 Into the invisible abyss that opened under.

I stood upon a speck of ground ;  
 Before me fell a stormy ocean.  
 I was like a captive bound ;  
     And around  
     A universe of sound  
 Troubled the heavens with ever-quivering motion.

Down, down for ever,—down, down for ever,  
     Something falling, falling, falling,  
 Up, up for ever—up, up for ever,  
     Resting never,  
     Boiling up for ever,  
 Steam-clouds shot up with thunder-bursts appalling.

A tone that since the birth of man,  
 Was never for a moment broken,  
 A word that since the world began,  
     And waters ran  
     Hath spoken still to man,—  
 Of God and of Eternity hath spoken.

Foam-clouds there for ever rise  
 With a restless roar o'erboiling—  
 Rainbows stooping from the skies  
     Charm the eyes,  
     Beautiful they rise,  
 Cheering the cataracts to their mighty toiling.

And in that vision as it passed,  
 Was gathered terror, beauty, power :  
 And still when all has fled, too fast,  
     And I at last  
     Dream of the dreamy past,  
 My heart is full when lingering on that hour.

Oct. 1838.

## To a Humming Bird.

TELL us, tell us whence thou comest,  
 Little thing of the rainbow wing;  
 Tell us if thou always hummest:  
 If thou canst not sing.

Tell us when thou fell'st in love  
 With the honey-suckle flower,  
 That thou comest every eve  
 To her fragrant bower.

Or art thou her guardian sprite,  
 Ever hearkening to her sigh,  
 And robed so bright with coloured light,  
 Droppest from the sky?

Take me to thy hidden nest  
 In the far off realm of Faery,  
 Where thou sinkest to thy rest  
 When thy wings are weary.

When a boy I often dreamed,  
 Wondering what thou wast and whence,  
 For thy quivering winglets seemed  
 Scarce like things of sense.

Darting here and darting there,  
Now half-buried in a flower,  
Now away, and none knew where,  
By some mysterious power.

When the rosy twilight came  
Softly down the slumbering sky,  
Thy emerald wing and throat of flame  
Flashed before my eye.

Round the lattice and the porch,  
Ere the dew began to fall,  
Kissing all the bashful buds  
Clambering up the wall.

But like a suspected lover,  
Darting off into the sky,  
Ere we could with truth discover  
Half thy brilliancy.

I'll not blame thee, little thing,  
That thou wast then a mystery,  
When life and thought were in their spring,  
And fancy wandered free.

For I was like thee, gentle bird,  
As wild and gay, as strange and shy,  
And all my hours were with the flowers,  
Beneath a summer sky.

But now that I've become a man,  
I'd have thee come and tell to me,  
If the boyish dreams are true  
I have had of thee.

Tell me why and whence thou comest,  
On thy little rainbow wing ;  
Why unto the flowers thou hummest,  
And dost never sing.

But I hear a sober spirit  
Talking as unto a child ;  
I must leave my bird and listen  
To its accents mild.

Question not all things thou seest ;  
Things there are thou canst not know,  
Learn from thy own dreams of childhood  
Not too far to go.

Thou canst seldom track **THE SPIRIT**,  
Whence or how or why it is ;  
In its unseen deeps for ever  
Are there mysteries.

Be content to see—and seeing,  
On the threshold pause and bow  
To the great all-loving Being  
With an humble brow !

## On Hearing Triumphant Music.

THAT joyous strain

Wake, wake again !

O'er the dead stillness of my soul it lingers.

Ring out, ring out

The music-shout !

I hear the sounding of thy flying fingers,

And to my soul the harmony

Comes like a freshening sea.

Again, again !

Farewell, dull pain,

Thou heartache, rise not while those harpstrings quiver !

Sad feelings, hence !

I feel a sense

Of a new life come like a rushing river,

Freshening the fountains parched and dry,

That in my spirit lie.

That glorious strain !

O, from my brain

I see the shadows flitting like scared ghosts !

A light, a light

Shines in to-night,

O'er the good angels trooping to their posts,—

And the black cloud is rent in twain

Before the ascending strain.

It dies away,—

It would not stay,—

So sweet, so fleeting ; yet to me it spake

Strange peace of mind

I could not find,

Before that lofty strain the silence brake.

So let it ever come to me

With an undying harmony.

1838.



## The Rainbow.

CHILD of the sunlight,  
Flower of the skies,  
Blooming in petals  
Of heavenly dyes ;

Springing and growing  
In thy garden of mist,  
Where the sun hath so often  
The thunder-cloud kissed.

Beautiful flower !  
So broad and so round,  
North and South touching,  
Half underground ;

Dark in the middle,  
But on thy border  
Seven bright colours  
Ranked in their order !

The clouds are all weeping,  
But ere the sun sets,  
He flings them this flower  
To chase their regrets ;

And soon shall their tear-drops  
Be dry for the day,  
For they'll take up the flower,  
And bear it away.

Still thou art blooming,  
Flower of the skies ;  
Brighter are growing  
Thy heavenly dyes,

In the dark halls of thunder,  
Outspreading, alone,  
Thou reignest o'er cloud-land,  
The heavens are thy own.

Queen of the meteors,  
Child of the shower,  
I hail thee—I'll name thee  
Heaven's sun-flower !

Alas, thou art fading,  
Thou'rt withering away !  
Dark disc and bright petal,  
They droop with the day.

The sun, in whose glory  
Thou wast born in the sky,  
Hath gone in the west,  
And left thee to die.

But hung in the rain-drops  
I'll see thee again,  
When the sunset smiles out  
On the clouds and the rain!

## Night and the Soul.

I WENT to bed with Shakspeare's flowing numbers  
     Within me chiming,  
 As I sank slowly to my pleasant slumbers,  
     My thoughts with his were rhyming.

Out of the window I saw the moonlight shadows  
     Go creeping slow ;  
 The sheeted roofs of snow,—the broad white meadows  
     Lay silently below.

A few keen stars were kindly winking through  
     The frost-dimmed panes,  
 And dreaming Chanticleer woke up and crew  
     Far o'er the desolate plains.

But soon into the void abyss of sleep  
     My mind did swoon ;  
 I saw no more the broad house-shadows creep  
     Beneath the silent moon.

I woke ; the morning sun was mounting slowly  
     O'er the live earth :—  
 Say, fancy, why the shade of melancholy  
     Which then in me took birth ?

Why does the night give to the spirit wings,  
Which day denies ?

Ah, why this tyranny of outward things  
When brightest shine the skies ?

My soul is like the flower that blooms by night,  
And droops by day ;  
Yet may its fruit expand, though in the light  
Night-blossoms drop away.

The visions thus in dreamy stillness cherished,  
Like dreams may fly ;  
But day's great acts, o'er thoughts that nightly perished,  
May ripen, not to die.

Jan. 2d, 1839.

## The Poet.

Non est ad astra mollis è terris via.—SENECA.

HE that would earn the Poet's sacred name,  
 Must write for future as for present ages ;  
 Must learn to scorn the wreath of vulgar fame,  
 And bear to see cold critics o'er the pages  
 His burning brain hath wrought, wreak wantonly  
 Their dull and crabbed spite, or trifling mockery.

He must not fret his heart that men will turn  
 From the deep wealth his soul hath freely given ;  
 He must not marvel that their spirits burn  
 With fire so dim and cold. The God of Heaven  
 Who hung the golden stars in loftiest sky,  
 Hath o'er all spirits set the Poet's heart on high.

Star-like and high, his task and glorious sphere  
 Is to shine on in love and light unborrowed,  
 Yet looking down, to hold all nature dear,  
 And where a heart hath deeply joyed or sorrowed,  
 To gather to itself all images  
 Of mind, and heart and passion, and to breathe life  
 through these :

And in this life burning through all his words,  
And glancing back so strangely on man's soul  
The image of himself, the bard records

The power which lifts all nature, till the whole  
Swims in the spirit of beauty, and the breath  
Of earthly things is murmuring life untouched by death.

Thus hovering, bee-winged, over every flower,  
And gathering all the nectar from its bosom,  
And e'en midst broken hearts, in grief's dark hour,  
Stealing a sweetness from the poison blossom,  
He garners up the honey of his thought,  
And yields unto the world whate'er his soul hath wrought.

His is the task to clothe the dull and common  
In the rich garb of ever-living youth ;  
And o'er the soul of child, or man, or woman,  
And o'er the countenance of daily truth,  
And o'er Creation's face to spread the light  
Of beauty, as it shines in God's eternal sight.

He may not stoop to pander to the herd  
Of fickle tastes and morbid appetites ;  
He hath upon his lips a holy word,  
And he must heed not if it cheers or blights,  
So it be Truth, and the deep earnest fire  
Of no dull earthward thought, nor any base desire.

His path is through all nature like the sun ;  
From world to world, like a recording spirit ;

And with all shapes and hues his heart is one ;  
And if a bird but sing, his ear must hear it,  
And the coarse, scentless flower is as a brother,  
And the green turf the gentle bosom of a mother.

And these he loves ;—and with all these the heart  
Of frail humanity, which like a tremulous harp  
Hung in the winds, not oft from storms apart,  
Sobs or rejoices ; and when tempests sharp  
Sweep the tense strings, a “ sweet sad music ” hears,  
Where others list no voice, nor heed the dropping tears.

Who scorns the Poet’s art, deserves the scorn  
Which he would heap on others’ heads ; that man  
Knows not the sacred gift and calling born  
Within the Poet’s soul when life began :—  
Knows not that he *must* speak, and not for fame,  
But that his heart would wither else within its flame.

Time’s wreaths await him : far in future ages,  
Twined in their amaranth beauty they are shining,  
And blessings rained upon his fragrant pages,  
And tears from kindred hearts, quenching repining  
With a warm sympathy, and smiles of joy  
Embalm a sacred life which Time cannot destroy.

Oct. 1838.



## Correspondences.

ALL things in nature are beautiful types to the soul that  
can read them ;

Nothing exists upon earth, but for unspeakable ends,  
Every object that speaks to the senses was meant for the  
spirit ;

Nature is but a scroll ; God's handwriting thereon.

Ages ago when man was pure, ere the flood overwhelmed  
him,

While in the image of God every soul yet lived,  
Every thing stood as a letter or word of a language fa-  
miliar,

Telling of truths which now only the angels can read.  
Lost to man was the key of those sacred hieroglyphics,  
Stolen away by sin, till by heaven restored.

Now with infinite pains we here and there spell out a  
letter,

Here and there will the sense feebly shine through the  
dark.

When we perceive the light that breaks through the  
visible symbol,

What exultation is ours ! *We* the discovery have made !  
Yet is the meaning the same as when Adam lived sin-  
less in Eden,

Only long hidden it slept, and now again is revealed.

Man unconsciously uses figures of speech every mo-  
ment,

Little dreaming the cause why to such terms he is prone,  
Little dreaming that every thing here has its own correspondence

Folded within its form, as in the body the soul.

Gleams of the mystery fall on us still, though much is forgotten,

And through our commonest speech, illumine the path  
of our thoughts.

Thus doth the lordly sun shine forth a type of the God-head ;

Wisdom and love the beams that stream on a darkened world.

Thus do the sparkling waters flow, giving joy to the desert,

And the fountain of life opens itself to the thirst.

Thus doth the word of God distil like the rain and the dew-drops ;

Thus doth the warm wind breathe like to the Spirit of God ;

And the green grass and the flowers are signs of the regeneration.

O thou Spirit of Truth, visit our minds once more,

Give us to read in letters of light the language celestial

Written all over the earth, written all over the sky—

Thus may we bring our hearts once more to know our Creator,

Seeing in all things around, types of the Infinite Mind.

March, 1839.

## The Thundergust.

SEE how the black cloud comes sweeping along on its  
terrible pinions ;

Nearer and wider it grows, darkening the blue of the  
sky !

See up the road how the wind with the dust comes  
sweeping and whirling,

Tossing the tops of the trees, tearing the leaves from  
their boughs !

Now it comes slamming the shutters and clattering off  
with the shingles,

Howling all round the house, screaming to enter the  
door.

Now do the men all hasten their steps each one to his  
dwelling ;

Servants are bustling about, barring the windows and  
doors.

Women look anxiously out, while their delicate bosoms  
are beating,

Watching the gaps of the clouds, waiting their hus-  
bands' return,

While with dull stare o'er the plain go moving the in-  
dolent cattle,

Seeking the dangerous tree standing alone in the field.

Darker and darker it grows ; the clouds like rent curtains are hanging,—

Sharp is the lightning flash, keen as a scimeter blade.

Rattling, bellowing, booming along rolls the terrible thunder ;

Children look timidly up to see where its dwelling may be ;

*I* once looked up as they do, to see where the thunder was going,

But there was nothing above, save the continuous clouds.

Again there's a flash,—a start,—a pause,—and the armies of heaven

Seem to be rolling afield, trampling the clouds as a floor !

Now comes the rush of the rain ; like mist in the wind it is sweeping ;

Large come the pattering drops, washing the panes of the glass ;

Now come the rattling hailstones, pelting the shelterless roses,

Speckling the summer grass, showering crystals abroad,

A present from winter to summer, a message to tell her he's coming.

But the storm ceases at length ; windows fly open again.

Rolls away in the distance the muttering moan of the thunder,

Through the rifts of the clouds peeps the blue of the sky,

Warm and broad o'er the earth the slant sun gaily is smiling,

While the bright bow in the east gives us the promise of peace.

## Beauty and Truth.

WEEKS and months have rolled along  
Like the surges of the sea,  
Thoughts and feelings sweet and deep  
Have been guests with me ;  
But my heart hath only sung  
Hidden melody.

By the spreading wing of thought  
Poet-dreams lay shaded ;  
As the flower-buds in the dawn,  
Ere the stars have faded,  
Till refreshed they rise again,  
Pure and undegraded.

Covered by the veil of Truth,  
Beauty in my soul but slept :  
She hath woke at times and seen  
The guard her sister kept ;  
Still she murmured in her dreams,  
Still she smiled or wept.

Many a lay I left unsung,  
Or but sung where none may hear,  
In the bowers far within,  
To the spirit's ear ;  
Thoughts and words but tell thee half  
Of the secrets there ;

Of the memories of the past,  
Of the world that round thee lies,  
Of that flowery wilderness  
Where thy dreams arise  
Night and day, and wing their way  
To their native skies ;

These, and all the thousand hues  
Which thy inner life assumes,  
From the flashes of its joys  
To its deepest glooms,  
Are a world of mystery  
No vulgar light illumines.

Wonder not then that my lyre  
Hung by me with slackened strings ;  
O, it was too weak to bear  
Thought's fresh sweeping wings ;  
Yet within there long have been  
Cherished, hidden things.

Beauty is a blossom rare ;  
We may smell it on the tree,

But if we should pluck it thence,  
We no fruit should see ;  
Beauty is the blossom sweet,  
Truth the fruit, to me.

Thou, sweet Poesy, hast given  
Many a thought of rarest worth,  
Though thy spring-like flush should fade  
Dropping to the earth,  
Truth like autumn-fruit shall come  
With a second birth.

Oct. 1839.

## To the Aurora Borealis.

ARCTIC fount of holiest light,  
 Springing through the winter night,  
 Spreading far behind yon hill,  
 When the earth lies dark and still,  
 Rippling o'er the stars, as streams  
 O'er pebbled beds in sunny gleams ;  
 O for names, thou vision fair,  
 To express thy splendours rare !

Blush upon the cheek of night,  
 Posthumous, unearthly light,  
 Dream of the deep sunken sun,  
 Beautiful, sleep-walking one,  
 Sister of the moonlight pale,  
 Star-obscuring meteor veil,  
 Spread by heaven's watching vestals ;  
 Sender of the gleamy crystals  
 Darting on their arrowy course  
 From their glittering polar source,  
 Upward where the air doth freeze  
 Round the sister Pleiades ;—  
 Beautiful and rare Aurora,  
 In the heavens thou art their Flora,



Night-blooming Cereus of the sky,  
Rose of amaranthine dye,  
Hyacinth of purple light,  
Or their Lily clad in white !

Who can name thy wondrous essence,  
Thou electric phosphorescence ?  
Lonely apparition fire !  
Seeker of the starry choir !  
Restless roamer of the sky,  
Who hath won thy mystery ?  
Mortal science hath not ran  
With thee through the Empyrean,  
Where the constellations cluster  
Flower-like on thy branching lustre.

After all the glare and toil,  
And the daylight's fretful coil,  
Thou dost come so mild and still,  
Hearts with love and peace to fill ;  
As when after revelry  
With a talking company,  
Where the blaze of many lights  
Fell on fools and parasites,  
One by one the guests have gone,  
And we find ourselves alone ;  
Only one sweet maiden near,  
With a sweet voice low and clear,  
Whispering music in our ear,—  
So thou talkest to the earth  
After daylight's weary birth.

Is not human fantasy,  
Wild Aurora, likest thee,  
Blossoming in nightly dreams,  
Like thy shifting meteor-gleams?

But a better type thou art  
Of the strivings of the heart,  
Reaching upward from the earth  
To the SOUL that gave it birth.  
When the noiseless beck of night  
Summons out the *inner* light  
That hath hid its purer ray  
Through the lapses of the day—  
Then like thee, thou Northern Morn,  
Instincts which we deemed unborn,  
Gushing from their hidden source  
Mount upon their heavenward course  
And the spirit seeks to be  
Filled with God's eternity.

Jan. 1840.

## Enosis.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought ;  
Souls to souls can never teach  
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils ;  
Man by man was never seen ;  
All our deep communing fails  
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known ;  
Mind with mind did never meet ;  
We are columns left alone,  
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,  
Far apart, though seeming near,  
In our light we scattered lie ;  
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company  
But a babbling summer stream ?  
What our wise philosophy  
But the glancing of a dream ?

Only when the sun of love  
    Melts the scattered stars of thought ;  
Only when we live above  
    What the dim-eyed world hath taught ;

Only when our souls are fed  
    By the Fount which gave them birth,  
And by inspiration led,  
    Which they never drew from earth,

We like parted drops of rain  
    Swelling till they meet and run,  
Shall be all absorbed again,  
    Melting, flowing into one.

Feb. 1840.

### Endymion.

YES, it is the queenly moon  
Walking through her starred saloon,  
Silvering all she looks upon :  
I am her Endymion ;  
For by night she comes to me,—  
O, I love her wondrously.

She into my window looks,  
As I sit with lamp and books,  
And the night-breeze stirs the leaves,  
And the dew drips down the eaves ;  
O'er my shoulder peepeth she,  
O, she loves me royally !

Then she tells me many a tale,  
With her smile, so sheeny pale,  
Till my soul is overcast  
With such dream-light of the past,  
That I saddened needs must be,  
And I love her mournfully.

Oft I gaze up in her eyes,  
Raying light through winter skies ;  
Far away she saileth on ;  
I am no Endymion ;  
O, she is too bright for me,  
And I love her hopelessly !

Now she comes to me again,  
And we mingle joy and pain,  
Now she walks no more afar,  
Regal, with train-bearing star,  
But she bends and kisses me—  
O, we love now mutually !

July, 1840.

### My Thoughts.

MANY are the thoughts that come to me  
In my lonely musing,  
And they drift so bright and swift,  
There's no time for choosing  
Which to follow, for to leave  
Any, seems a losing.

When they come, they come in flocks,  
As, on glancing feather,  
Startled birds rise one by one  
In autumnal weather,  
Waking one another up  
From the sheltering heather.

Some so merry that I laugh,  
Some again are serious ;  
Some so dull, their least approach  
Is enough to weary us ;  
Others flit like sheeted ghosts,  
Awful and mysterious.

There are thoughts that o'er me steal  
Like the day when dawning ;  
Great thoughts winged with melody,  
Common utterance scorning,  
Moving to an inward tune,  
And an inward morning.

Some have dark and drooping wings,  
Children all of sorrow ;  
Some are as gay as if to-day  
Could see no cloudy morrow,  
And yet like light and shade they each  
Must from the other borrow.

One by one they spread their wings  
On their destined mission ;  
One by one I see them fade  
With no hopeless vision,  
For they've led me on a step  
To their home Elysian.

Aug. 1840.



### The Riddle.

YE bards, ye prophets, ye sages,  
Read to me if ye can,  
That which hath been the riddle of ages,  
Read me the riddle of MAN.

Then came the bard with his lyre,  
And the sage with his pen and scroll,  
And the prophet with his eye of fire,  
To unriddle a human soul.

But the soul stood up in its might ;  
Its stature they could not scan ;  
And it rayed out a dazzling mystic light,  
And shamed their wisest plan.

Yet sweetly the bard did sing,  
And learnedly talked the sage,  
And the seer flashed by with his lightning wing,  
Soaring beyond his age.

Of life-fire snatched from Jove ;  
Of a forfeited age of gold ;  
Of providence and deathless love  
The chaunting minstrel told.

The sage of wisdom spoke,  
Of doctrines, books and schools,  
And how when they broke from learning's yoke,  
All men were turned to fools.

And the prophet told of heaven,  
And the golden age to come—  
“ Ye must follow the sun through the gates of even,  
And he will lead you home.”

Many a dream they saw,  
And many a creed did build,  
Each in its turn was truth and law,  
While they who sought were filled.

But the soul stood up still freed  
From the prison of each plan ;  
He was a riddle they could not read,  
This simple-seeming Man.

He stood in his mystery still,  
Of ever-changing light ;  
Many, yet one, he baffled their skill,  
And put their dreams to flight.

His feet on the earth were planted,  
His head o'er the stars rose dim,  
And ever unto himself he chaunted  
A half-articulate hymn.

In words confused and broken  
He chaunted his mystic dream ;  
And but half of the half his lips had spoken,  
Floated on time's dull stream.

They who heard of the song which he  
Sang on from time to time,  
Gave it the name Philosophy,  
And echoed the olden rhyme.

But their systems all are vain,  
And the o'erflowing soul  
Sweeps lyre and song to the dark inane,  
And blots the old sage's scroll.

And Man the great riddle is still  
Unread to the dreamer's eye—  
We are ever afloat, as we ply our skill  
On the sea of mystery.

## Colour and Light.

THE word unto the nations came,  
 And shone o'er many a darkened spot,  
 The pure white lustre of the flame  
 The darkness comprehended not ;

Till broken into coloured light  
 Within the prism of the mind,  
 It traced upon the murky night  
 A rainbow-arch with hues defined.

And where the narrowed sunbeams turned  
 To colours all distinct, yet blended ;  
 Thoughts glanced and struggling instincts yearned,  
 The darkness dimly comprehended.

When shall the pure ethereal fire  
 Glow with a white interior heat ?  
 When shall the truth of God inspire  
 The shaping soul with light complete ?

Never, until a second youth  
 Renews the world—then may we see  
 The Primal Light—the unbroken Truth,  
 And gather life eternally !

### Inworld.

AMID the watches of the windy night,  
 A poet sat and listened to the flow  
 Of his own changeful thoughts—until there passed  
 A vision by him, murmuring as it moved,  
 A wild and mystic lay, to which his thoughts  
 And pen kept time—and thus the measure ran :

All is but as it seems ;  
     The round green earth  
         With river and glen ;  
 The din and the mirth  
     Of the busy, busy men ;  
 The world's great fever  
 Throbbing for ever ;  
 The creed of the sage,  
 The hope of the age,  
 All things we cherish,  
 All that live and all that perish,  
 These are but inner dreams.

The great world goeth on  
To thy dreaming ;  
To thee alone  
Hearts are making their moan  
Eyes are streaming.  
Thine is the white moon turning night to day,  
Thine is the dark wood sleeping in her ray ;  
Thee the winter chills,  
Thee the springtime thrills,  
All things nod to thee,  
All things come to see  
If thou art dreaming on ;  
If thy dream should break,  
And thou shouldst awake,  
All things would be gone.

Nothing is, if thou art not.  
From thee as from a root  
The blossoming stars upshoot,  
The flower-cups drink the rain :  
Joy and grief and weary pain  
Spring aloft from thee,  
And toss their branches free ;  
Thou art under, over all ;  
Thou dost hold and cover all ;  
Thou art Atlas—thou art Jove.  
The mightiest truth  
Hath all its youth  
From thy enveloping thought—  
Thy thought itself lay in thy earliest love.

Nature keeps time to thee  
    With voice unbroken ;  
Still doth she rhyme to thee  
    When thou hast spoken.  
When the sun shines to thee,  
    'Tis thy own joy  
Opening mines to thee  
    Nought can destroy.  
When the blast moans to thee  
    Still doth the wind  
Echo the tones to thee  
    Of thy own mind ;  
Laughter but saddens thee  
    When thou art sad ;  
Least things will gladden thee  
    When thou art glad.  
Life is not life to thee  
    But as thou livest ;  
Labour is strife to thee  
    When thou least strivest.

More did the Spirit sing, and made the night  
Most musical with inward melodies,  
But vanished soon and left the listening bard  
Wrapt in unearthly silence, till the morn  
Reared up the screen that shuts the spirit world  
From loftiest poet and from wisest sage.

## Outworld.

THE sun was shining on the busy earth ;  
 All men and things were moving on their way,  
 The same old way which we call life ; the Soul  
 Shrank from the giant grasp of Time and Space :  
 Yet, for it was her dreamy hour, half yielded  
 To the omnipotent delusion, and looked out  
 On the broad glare of things, and felt herself  
 Dwindling before the Universe. Then came  
 Unto the Bard  
 Another Spirit with another voice,  
 And sang :

Said he, that all but seems ?  
     Said he, the world is void and lonely—  
 A strange, vast crowd of dreams  
     Coming to thee only ?  
 And that thy feeble soul  
 Hath such a strong control  
 O'er sovereign space, and sovereign time,  
 And all their train sublime ?

Said he, thou art the Eye  
     Reflecting all that is—  
 The Ear that hears, while it creates  
     All sounds and harmonies—



The central sense that bides amid  
All shows, and turns them to realities ?

Listen, mortal, while the sound  
Of this life intense is flowing !  
Dost thou find all things around  
Go as thou art going ?  
Dost thou dream that thou art free,  
Making, destroying all that thou dost see,  
In the unfettered might of thy soul's liberty ?

Lo, an atom troubles thee,  
One bodily fibre crushes thee,  
One little nerve shall madden thee,  
One drop of blood be death to thee.

Art thou but a withering leaf,  
For a summer season brief  
Clinging to the tree,  
Till the winds of circumstance  
Whirling in their hourly dance  
Prove too strong for thee ?  
Art thou but a speck, a mote,  
In this system universal ?  
Art thou but a passing note  
Woven in the great Rehearsal ?  
Canst thou roll back the tide of thought,  
And unmake the creed of the age,  
And unteach the wisdom taught  
By the prophet and the sage ?

Art thou but a cloudy shadow  
Chasing o'er a meadow?

The great world goes on,  
Spite of thy dreaming.  
Not to thee alone  
Hearts are making their moan,  
And teardrops streaming.  
And the mighty voice of Nature  
Is thy parent, not thy creature,  
Is no pupil, but thy teacher.  
And the world would still move on  
Were thy soul for ever flown.

For while thou dreamest on, enfolded  
In Nature's wide embrace,  
All thy life is daily moulded  
By her informing grace.  
And Time and Space must reign  
And rule o'er thee for ever.  
And the Outworld lift its chain  
From off thy spirit never—  
But in the dream of thy half-waking fever  
Thou shalt be mocked with gleam and show  
Of truths thou pinest for, and yet canst never know.

And then the Spirit fled, and left the Bard  
Still wondering—for he felt that voices twain  
Had come from different spheres with different truths,  
That seemed at war, and yet agreed in one.

## The Ocean.

“In a season of calm weather  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
 That brought us hither,  
 Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.”

WORDSWORTH.

TELL me, brother, what are we?—  
 Spirits bathing in the sea  
     Of Deity!  
 Half afloat and half on land,  
 Wishing much to leave the strand,—  
 Standing, gazing with devotion,  
 Yet afraid to trust the Ocean—  
     Such are we.

Wanting love and holiness  
 To enjoy the wave's caress;  
 Wanting faith and heavenly hope,  
 Buoyantly to bear us up;  
 Yet impatient in our dwelling,  
 When we hear the ocean swelling,

And in every wave that rolls  
We behold the happy souls  
Peacefully, triumphantly  
Swimming on the smiling sea,  
Then we linger round the shore,  
Lovers of the earth no more.

Once,—'twas in our infancy,  
We were drifted by this sea  
To the coast of human birth,  
To this body and this earth :  
Gentle were the hands that bore  
Our young spirits to the shore ;  
Gentle lips that bade us look  
Outward from our cradle nook  
To the spirit-bearing ocean  
With such wonder and devotion,  
As each stilly Sabbath day,  
We were led a little way,  
Where we saw the waters swell  
Far away from inland dell,  
And received with grave delight  
Symbols of the Infinite :—  
Then our home was near the sea ;  
“ Heaven was round our infancy :”  
Night and day we heard the waves  
Murmuring by us to their caves ;—  
Floated in unconscious life,  
With no later doubts at strife,  
Trustful of the upholding Power  
Who sustained us hour by hour.

Now we've wandered from the shore,  
Dwellers by the sea no more ;  
Yet at times there comes a tone  
Telling of the visions flown,  
Sounding from the distant sea,  
Where we left our purity ;  
Distant glimpses of the surge  
Lure us down to ocean's verge ;  
There we stand with vague distress,  
Yearning for the measureless ;  
By half-wakened instincts driven,  
Half loving earth, half loving heaven,  
Fearing to put off and swim,  
Yet impelled to turn to Him  
In whose life we live and move,  
And whose very name is Love.

Grant me courage, Holy One,  
To become indeed thy son,  
And in thee, thou Parent-Sea,  
Live and love eternally.

### The Blind Seer.

FROM morn till night the old man sitteth still ;  
Deep quenched in darkness lie all earthly sights ;  
He hath not known since childhood swayed his will,  
The outward shows of open-eyed delights ;

But in an inner world of thought he liveth,  
A deep, pure realm of praise and lowly prayer,  
Where faith from sight no pension e'er receiveth,  
But groweth only from the All-true and Fair.

That universal Soul who is the being,  
The reason and the heart of men on earth,  
Shineth so broad o'er him, that though not seeing,  
He walketh where the morning hath its birth.

He travelleth where the upper springs flow on ;  
He heareth harmonies from angel choirs ;  
He seeth Uriel standing in the sun,  
He dwelleth up among the heavenly fires ;

And yet he loveth, as we all do love  
To hear the restless hum of common life ;  
Though rooted in the spirit-soil above,  
His leaves and flowers do bud amid the strife

Of all this weary world, and shine more fair  
Than sympathies which have no inward root,  
Which open fast, but shrink in bleaker air,  
And dropping, leave behind no winter fruit.

But here are winter fruits and blossoms too—  
Those silver hairs o'er bended shoulders curled ;  
That smile—that thoughtful brow—ope to the view  
Some symbol of the old man's inner world.

O who would love this outer sphere of sense,  
Though steeped in joy and ruled by Beauty's queen,  
If it were purchased at the dear expense  
Of losing all which souls like his have seen ?

Nay, if we judged aright, this glorious All,  
Which fills, like thought, our never-doubting eyes,  
Might with its firm-built grandeur, sink and fall  
Before one ray of Soul-realities.

### The Star-gazer.

STAR after star looked glimmering down,  
As in the night he sat alone,  
And in the firmament of mind  
Thought after thought upon him shone.

An inner sky did sometimes seem  
To show him truths of deepest worth,  
Which custom's daylight long had dimmed,  
Or sense had clouded in their birth.

And well he knew the world was dark,  
And few would hear what he could tell,  
And fewer still would sit with him,  
And watch that sky he loved so well.

One solitary soul he seemed ;  
And yet he knew that all might see  
The orbs that showed to him alone  
The fulness of their majesty.

He knew that all the silent scorn  
Which now in meekness he must bear,  
Would change to worship when his ear  
No longer was a listener there ;



And, when the cold and rugged clod  
Had pressed the brain that toiled for them,  
That on his statue men would hang  
The unavailing diadem.

All this he felt, and yet his faith  
In uncomplaining silence kept  
With starry Truth its vigil brave,  
While all his brothers round him slept.

They slept,—and would not wake—until  
The distant lights that fixed his gaze  
Came moving on, and spread abroad  
The glory of a noontide blaze.

And then they started from their dreams,  
And slowly oped their leaden eyes,  
And saw the light whose splendours now  
Were darting through the morning skies.

Then turned and sought for him whose name  
They in their sleep had mocked and cursed ;—  
But he had left them long before  
The vision on their souls had burst.

And underneath the sod he lay,  
Now all bedewed with fruitless tears,  
And they could only deck the tomb  
That told of his neglected years.

## The Artist.

HE breathed the air of realms enchanted,  
 He bathed in seas of dreamy light,  
 And seeds within his soul were planted  
 That bore us flowers for use too bright  
 Unless it were to stay some wandering spirit's flight.

With us he lived a common life,  
 And wore a plain familiar name,  
 And meekly dared the vulgar strife  
 That to inferior spirits came—  
 Yet bore a pulse within, the world could never tame.

And skies more soft than Italy's  
 Their wealth of light around him spread,  
 And tones were his, and only his—  
 So sweetly floating o'er his head—  
 None knew at what rich feast the favoured guest was fed.

They could not guess or reason why  
 He chose the ways of poverty ;  
 They read no wisdom in his eye,  
 But scorned the holy mystery  
 That brooded o'er his thoughts and gave him power to see.

But all unveiled the world of Sense  
An inner meaning had for him,  
And Beauty loved in innocence,  
Not sought in passion or in whim,  
Within a soul so pure could ne'er grow dull and dim.

And in this vision did he toil,  
And in this Beauty lived and died.—  
And think not that he left his soil  
By no rich tillage sanctified;  
In olden times he might have been his country's pride.

And yet may be—though he hath gone—  
For spirits of so fine a mould  
Lose not the glory they have won;  
Their memory turns not pale and cold—  
While Love lives on, the lovely never can grow old.

## The Prophet Unveiled.

KINDLY he did receive us where he dwelt,  
 And in his smile and eye I inly felt  
 The self-same power, the influence mild and grand,  
 Which o'er our kindled souls had held command,  
 When to the page his mind had wrought we turned.  
 But now anew our hearts within us burned,  
 As side by side, we hearkened to his talk,  
 Or rambled with him in his morning walk.  
 Unveiled he stood; and beautiful he moved  
 Amid home-sympathies;—a heart that loved  
 Nature as dearly as a gentle mother,  
 And man as a great spirit and a brother.  
 In the clear deepening river of his thought,  
 Welling in tones and words by nature taught;  
 In the mild lustre of the long-lashed eye,  
 And round the delicate lips, how artlessly  
 Broke forth the intuitions of his mind.  
 I listened and I looked, but could not find  
 Courage or words to tell my sympathy  
 With all this deep-toned wisdom borne to me.  
 Still less could I declare how, ere I knew  
 The spell his *visible* presence o'er me threw,  
 The page his inspiration wrought, had warmed  
 Daily to life the faith within me formed

Of Nature's great relationship to man ;  
So far his speed of sight my own outran.  
And if I spoke, it seemed to me my thought  
Was but a pale and broken reflex caught  
From his own orb ; so silently I sat  
Drinking in truth and beauty. Yet there was that  
In his serene and sympathizing smile,  
Which as I listened, told me all the while  
That nearer intercourse might give me right  
To come within the region of his light ;  
Not to be dazzled, moth-like, by his flame,  
But go as independent as I came.

And once again within the lighted hall,  
Where Mind and Beauty gathered to his call,  
We heard him speak ; upon his eye and tongue,  
Dropping their golden thoughts we mutely hung.  
Aurora shootings mixed with summer lightning ;  
Meteors of truth through beauty's sky still bright'ning ;  
Phœnix-lived things born amid stars and flashes,  
And rising rocket-winged from their own ashes ;  
Pearls prodigally rained, too large and fast ;  
Rich music-tones too sweet and rare to last—  
Such seemed his natural utterance as it passed.  
And yet the steadier light that shone away,  
Looked through these meteors in their rapid play,  
And warmed around us like the sunlight mild,  
And Truth in Beauty's robes stood by and smiled.

## Silence and Speech.

A LITTLE pleasant bubbling up  
 From the unfathomable ocean ;  
 A little glimmering from the unmeasured sun ;  
 A little noise, a little motion—  
 Such is human speech ;  
 I to thee would teach  
 A truth diviner, deeper  
 Than this empty strife ;  
 For thou art the keeper  
 Of the wells of life.

Godlike Silence ! I would woo thee—  
 Leave behind this thoughtless clamour ;  
 Journey upward, upward to thee,  
 Put on thy celestial armour.  
 Let us speak no more,  
 Let us be Divinities ;  
 Let poor mortals prate and roar ;  
 Know we not how small it is  
 To be ever uttering,  
 Babbling and muttering ?  
 Thou canst never tell the whole  
 Of thine unmanageable Soul.

Deeper than thy deepest speech,  
Wiser than thy wisest thought,  
Something lies thou canst not reach,  
Never to the surface brought.

Masses without form or make,  
Sleeping gnomes that never wake ;  
Genii bound by magic spells ;  
Fairies and all miracles ;  
Shapes unclassed and wonderful,  
Huge and dire and beautiful ;  
Dreams and hopes and prophecies  
Struggling to ope their eyes ;  
All that is most vast and dim,  
All that is most good and bad,  
Demon, sprite and cherubim,  
Spectral troops and angels glad ;  
Things that stir not, yet are living,  
Up to the light for ever striving,  
Thoughts whose faces are averted,  
Guesses dwelling in the dark ;  
Instincts not to be diverted  
From their ever-present mark—  
Such thy inner Life, O Man,  
Which no outward eye may scan,  
Wonderful, most wonderful,  
Terrible and beautiful !  
Speak not, argue not—but live !  
Reins to thy true nature give,  
And in each unconscious act  
Forth will shine the hidden fact.

Yet this smooth surface thou must break;  
Thou must give as well as take.

Why this Silence long and deep?  
Dost thou wake or dost thou sleep?  
Up and speak—persuade and teach!  
What so beautiful as Speech?

Sing us the old Song,  
Be our warbling bird;  
Thou hast sealed thy lips too long  
And the world must all go wrong,  
If it hath no spoken word.

Out with it—thou hast it!  
We would feel it, taste it.  
Be our Delphic Oracle,  
Let the Memnon statue sing,  
Let the music rise and swell;  
We will enter the ring  
Where the silent ones dwell,  
And we will compel  
The Powers that we seek  
Through us to sing, through us to speak.  
And hark! Apollo's lyre!  
Young Mercury with words of fire!  
And Jove—the serene air, hath thundered,  
As when by old Prometheus,  
The lightning stolen for our use  
From out his sky was plundered!  
Man to his SOUL draws near,  
And Silence now hath all to fear;



Her realm is invaded,  
Her temples degraded—  
For Eloquence like a strong and turbid river  
Is flowing through her cities. On for ever  
The mighty waves are dashing, and the sound  
Disturbs the Deities profound.

God through man is speaking,  
And hearts and souls are waking.  
Each to each his visions tells,  
And all rings out like a chime of bells ;  
**THE WORD, THE WORD**, thou hast it now !  
Silence befits the gods above,  
But Speech is the star on manhood's brow,  
The sign of truth—the sign of love.

Jan. 1842.

### Field Notes.

WHERE is he that loves the woods,  
 At home in all green solitudes ;  
 He whom fashion, fame, or pelf  
 Have not prisoned in himself,  
 He who leaveth friend and book,  
 And findeth both beside a brook ;  
 Heareth wisdom musical  
 In a low-toned waterfall,  
 Or the pine grove's breezy rush,  
 Or the trilling of a thrush,  
 Or, when nights are dark and still,  
 In a plaintive whip-poor-will ;  
 Or when morning suns are bright,  
 Seeth truths of quiet light  
 In the landscape green and warm  
 Of the sloping upland farm !  
 Let him come and be my friend  
 Till these summer months shall end.

In this leafy sylvan scene,  
 Where Nature loves no hue but green,  
 Nor will let a sound be heard  
 But of humble-bee or bird,

Or a tall and spreading tree  
Rustling still and lonesomely,  
Or afar the cattle's bell,  
Tinkling in some hidden dell,  
We will leave house, man, and street,  
For companionship more sweet :  
Children of the summer air,  
We will be as once we were,—  
Two unconscious idle boys,  
And renew Arcadian joys ;  
Stumbling in our hill-side walks  
O'er mushrooms and mullein stalks ;  
Brushing with our feet away  
Spider-webs of silken gray,  
Gemmed with dew athwart the meadows,  
That sleep in the long morning shadows ;  
Roaming by some grassy stream,  
Where, as in some earlier dream,  
Well-known flowers all tall and rank  
Blossom on the marshy bank ;  
Vines that creep, and spikes that nod,  
Golden-helmet, golden-rod,  
Orchis, milk-weed, elder-bloom,  
Brake, sweet-fern and meadow-broom,  
Star-shaped mosses on the rocks,  
Golden butter-cups in flocks,  
Tossing as the breeze sweeps by  
To the blue deeps of the sky ;  
All those scentless seedy flowers  
That chronicle the summer hours :

These shall be our company.  
The soliloquizing bee  
Hath no need of such as we :  
We will let him wander free :  
He must labour hotly yet,  
Ere the summer sun shall set.  
Grumbling little merchant man,  
Deft Utilitarian,  
Dunning all the idle flowers,  
Short to him must be the hours,  
As he steereth swiftly over  
Fields of warm sweet-scented clover.  
Leave him to his own delight,  
Little insect Benthamite :  
Idler like ourselves alone  
Shall we woo to be our crone.

But for him whose cloudy looks  
Are bent on law or ledger-books,  
Prisoned among the heated bricks,  
The slave of traffic, toil and tricks ;  
For him who worshippeth alone  
Beneath the drowsy preacher's drone,  
Where creed and text like fetters cling  
Upon the spirit's struggling wing ;  
For him whom Fashion's laws have tamed,  
Till the sweet heavens are nigh ashamed  
To lead him from his poisoned food  
Into their healthy solitude ;  
Such as these we leave behind,  
Blind companions of the blind.

Little know they of the balm,  
And the beauty, wise and calm,  
Treasured up at Nature's breast,  
For the sick heart that needeth rest.  
He who in childlike love hath quaffed  
Of her sweet mother-milk one draught,  
Hath drank immortal drops as bright  
As those which (tales of eld recite)  
Untasted fell one starry night  
From the fair bosom of heaven's queen,  
Sprinkling the sky with milky sheen:  
From the world's tasteless springs he turns;  
His soul with thirst diviner burns,  
And nursed upon the lap of Truth,  
Wins once again the gift of youth.

Him we will seek, and none but him,  
Whose inward sense hath not grown dim;  
Whose soul is steeped in Nature's tinct,  
And to the Universal linked;  
Who loves the beauteous Infinite  
With deep and ever new delight,  
And carrieth where'er he goes,  
The inborn sweetness of the rose,  
The perfume as of Paradise;  
The talisman above all price;  
The optic glass that wins from far  
The meaning of the utmost star;  
The key that opes the golden doors  
Where earth and heaven have piled their stores;

The magic ring—the enchanter's wand,—  
The title-deed to Wonder-land ;  
The wisdom that o'erlooketh sense,  
The clairvoyance of Innocence.

These rich possessions if he own,  
He shall be ours, and he alone.

July, 1842.

### The Bouquet.

SHE has brought me flowers to deck my room,  
Of sweetest scent and brilliancy ;  
She knew not that she was the while  
The fairest flower of all to me.

Since her soft eyes have looked on them,  
What tenderer beauties in them dwell !  
Since her fair hands have placed them there,  
O how much sweeter do they smell !

Beside my inkstand and my books  
They bloom in perfume and in light :  
A voice amid my lonesomeness,  
A shining star amid my night.

The storm beats down upon the roof,  
But in this room glide summer hours,  
Since she, the fairest flower of all,  
Has garlanded my heart with flowers.

## Love.

**THERE** is no blessedness in life  
 Apart from blessed Love ;  
 This sanctifies the dreary strife  
 Which all who live must prove ;  
 It lifts the burden from the soul,  
 And puts the staff into the hand ;  
 The gloomy clouds behind us roll,  
 And all before is dawn and fairy-land.

And this we felt when side by side  
 Beneath those garden trees  
 We sat, when Spring was in her pride  
 Of blossoms, birds and bees.  
 A richer life we needed not,  
 A time less bright we did not fear,  
 Than hallowed then that blessed spot,  
 And made the past and future disappear.

The murmuring bees about us swarming,  
 The violets at our feet,  
 Within our hearts were gently forming  
 All dreams and visions sweet ;  
 The warm and scented air was snowing  
 With scattered blossoms from the trees,  
 And through the sky we heard the flowing  
 Of Nature's dear and new-born harmonies.



We cannot now as once we did,  
Gaze in each other's eyes,  
For lonely absence doth forbid  
All save our longing sighs ;  
But memories of such hours as these  
Come like some gently floating strain  
At midnight on a summer breeze,  
And make us near forget these hours of pain.

O Love is light when all is dark !  
It goeth on before,  
A strong and still preservéd ark,  
Though tempests round us roar.  
O Love the spheréd world contains ;  
All life within itself it hath ;  
All else goes by, but Love remains,  
And waves a heaven-lit torch before our path.

To E——.

HAD I no memory of thee,  
 My dreams would be like the weary sea,  
 Where wave on wave goes journeying by,  
 With no companion but the sky,  
 And all is lone and shadowless,  
 A waste and briny wilderness.  
 But mid these billows of the mind,  
 One fairy isle I often find,  
 Where thou the bright Calypso art,  
 The queen who rulest o'er my heart,  
 The fair Titania by whose spells  
 All flowers around me ring their bells.  
 O when o'er the wide sea of dreams  
 I see thy form like sunny beams,  
 And hear the sweet tones of thy voice,  
 The crested waves around rejoice,  
 A morning breaks amid my night,  
 And thou, the centre of the light,  
 Guidest me on until I stand,  
 Still dreaming, on thy spirit-land;

Then seem to wake, and yet half deem  
'Tis but a dream within a dream ;  
And yet a joy so tangible,  
A music yet so audible,  
Reality not too refined,  
A vision just enough defined,  
That I could ever linger there,  
And breathe that dream-perfuméd air,  
And pass my years unshared, unseen,  
Save by my fairy-island queen.

### Separation.

BIRDS fly away over land and sea,  
 Seeking their sunny home ;  
 The winds are wandering strong and free,  
 Wherever they choose to roam.

Light leaps down from the upper air  
 Unto his loving flowers ;  
 Darkness comes to his shadowy lair  
 In the deep tangled bowers.

The rain comes when the fields athirst  
 Look panting up to heaven ;  
 The dew-drops in the soft air nursed  
 Come to their buds at even.

Spring comes to the patient earth  
 And melts away her snows ;  
 And summer with her songs of mirth  
 Comes singing to the rose.

But ah ! thou dost not come to me,  
 Like the wind, the dew and the sun,  
 Nor can I wing my way to thee,  
 My own, my blessed one !

July, 1842.

## Autumn Stars.

A FEW hours since, when Night had just begun  
 To light her everlasting lamps above,  
 In the far Northeast the fair Pleiades  
 Hung like a cluster of ripe golden fruit  
 Against the dim horizon wall ; but now  
 They have climbed upward far upon their course,  
 And the whole heavens are changed from what they were.  
 What a rare jubilee of blessed lights !  
 Above me spread the vineyards of the sky,  
 Untrodden save by feet of cherubim ;  
 Wide fields of glittering immensity  
 Blooming in beauty unapproachable ;  
 Clear, solemn beacon-fires by angels fed,  
 To fright away bad spirits, and to guard  
 The Universe from blight ;—and stretching through  
 Long galaxies of star-dust—the highways  
 Of souls—a tangled wilderness of suns  
 Crowded into perspective of a length  
 That tires out the up-labouring wing of thought.  
 There great Orion striding in his might,  
 Fast girt with sparkling belt and scimeter,  
 Facing the Bull's red eye, Aldebaran ;—  
 Boötes with his dogs ;—the Greater Bear  
 Circling untired around the frozen North ;—  
 Lone Cassiopœia sitting in her chair ;—

Dewy Capella trembling all apart,  
And changing red and blue her liquid light ;—  
Majestic Sirius, kingliest of all  
That rule the skies ;—all these and millions more :  
O what a pomp and blazonry is out  
Over my head in the deep dome of God !  
The uncounted eyes whose spiritual light  
Should hush the restless world into a prayer  
As pure and noiseless as the thoughts of God.—  
Ye blessed Stars ! how oft when feverish moods  
Born out of earthly fears and hopes were mine,  
Hath your meek shining soothed me into peace !  
So friendly-distant—coming every night,  
Yet still so inaccessible.  
Fit type ye are, ye blessed Stars, to me,  
Of Love and Reason ruling Will and Sense ;  
Of that true Light which lighteneth every soul,  
And still abides with man, and guides his steps ;  
A friendly, oft a too familiar ray,  
Yet born of God, and springing from a fount  
As far beyond your light as ye from earth.

Nov. 1842.

## A Prayer.

O SPIRIT pure ! though trite and faded forms  
 Point like a cold clock-finger to thy Truth,  
 And but a glimmer of thy radiance warms  
 The symbols that should gleam with Nature's youth :

Though men of selfish codes may hide or darken  
 That light of thine own Purity and Love,  
 So that we scarce may still the world and hearken  
 To thy sweet voice that droppeth from above :

Though man be false and institutions vain,  
 Not false or vain let thy high Presence be ;  
 Through icy custom and through man's disdain,  
 Shine on my heart and set my spirit free !

Be still my nameless Hope, my secret Joy,  
 That comes and comes again in hours of rest,  
 My rock of strength, that passeth all annoy,  
 My dove of heaven, that broodeth in my breast.

Be all thou canst—be all I inly need !  
 The world may weigh me down but not enslave ;  
 The burden shall roll off, and I be freed,  
 If I but trust the strength thy mercy gave.

March, 1843.

## Sonnets.

### I.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

"SCORN not the Sonnet :"\* thus hath sung the Bard  
 Of holy Faith and calm Philosophy :  
 And well the sage hath taught us to regard  
 The lesson in his own dear Poesy.  
 O might I but an humble follower be,  
 And tune my own "small lute" to sing my dreams  
 Of Beauty and of Truth, I'd bear to see  
 The critic frown upon these passing gleams,  
 Since such has been the fate of those bright ones  
 Who loudest, sweetest, swept the Poet's lyre :  
 And fain I'd stop and listen while those sons  
 Of music pass. O from their cars of fire  
 Might the seer's mantle drop on one so low,  
 It were a prophet's gift—but never may be so.

\* See Wordsworth's Sonnet commencing with these words.



## II.

## INTRODUCTORY.

(Continued.)

I'LL love the Sonnet then for its own sake,  
And calmly hold my quiet course along.  
Like clouds and sky seen on some lonely lake,  
Far from the crowded world, my humble song,  
Although reflecting truth and loveliness,  
May be unknown, save to a cherished few;  
Yet shall I never love my pen the less,  
Nor cease to wreathe my little lyre anew  
With the wild wood-vine and the simple green  
Of Nature. Yes, the soul *must* sometimes speak,  
And though its numbers flow almost unseen,  
It hath within itself, nor harsh, nor weak,  
A harmony that will at times have vent,  
Though all untuned the while, the poor, dull instrument.

1836.

## III.

## TO MY SISTERS.

SWEET sisters, ye are far away, and night  
Has closed around us, dark and chill and damp,  
And sullen with dull clouds. Here by my lamp  
Alone I sit, and in its tapering light  
Feel a calm sympathy with common things  
Which in the sun-bright day I never found.  
A few small well-known books are scattered round,  
Silent companions of my wanderings;  
Silent and yet how eloquent! Alone  
I may not call myself while these are near;  
Still less, when thinking of my sisters dear,  
My fancy hears the sweet familiar tone  
Of merry voices, while amid your glee  
Ye check the laugh sometimes and talk of me.

1836.

## IV.

## TO MY FRIENDS.

To all my absent friends, who scattered wide,  
Where'er, a pilgrim, I have chanced to stray,  
May sometimes in the silent eventide  
Cherish a thought of him who, far away,  
Thus weaves to-night his heart's rude sonnet-lay,  
I send with memory thrilling with the past,  
My thoughts and wishes. It may be that they  
Deem me forgetful of the times when last  
I held communion with them. Let them not  
Think that the golden chain shall e'er grow dim;  
It may be that some new and distant spot  
Shall with the spells of home encircle *him*;  
Still I may think that should they ever see  
This offering, they will know how dear they are to me.

## V.

## TO MY FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

I've wandered in the world ; I've left tried friends  
With tearful eyes and swelling heart, behind ;  
I've linked my soul to others ; Heaven sends  
This power in infinite kindness, thus to bind  
Anew the cord that has been once untwined :  
Thus are we made for love and sympathy.  
I've seen the Past grow faint and dusk, and pined  
For days that nevermore shall come to me.  
Yet have I never loved those friends the less  
Whom I have gathered in my later days ;  
For in my hours of gloom and loneliness,  
*All* shine like clustering stars, with purest rays,  
Though some whom I have followed up the skies,  
May dearer be than those bright ones I saw not rise.

1836.

## VI.

## TO ETHELINDE.

FAIR one, half known in memory, half ideal,  
Who in my morning dream wert by my side  
Walking and close-communing—like a bride  
Leaning upon my arm :—ah, why not real,  
Beautiful vision, that white dream-like form,  
Those soft, dark eyes, those clustered tresses curling  
So tendril-like adown thy cheek ! Lo, whirling  
In my chaotic fancy comes a storm,  
Unseen and silent, but enough to scare  
Thy bright form from my side, while ran my joy  
Fullest and deepest. What dost thou destroy,  
Relentless Day ! Waking I murmur “ Where,  
Where is bright Ethelinde ? Is it all o’er ? ”  
Then close my eyes and try to dream of her once more.

1836.

## VII.

## TO THE MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA.

MAJESTIC flower ! How purely beautiful  
Thou art, as rising from thy bower of green,  
Those dark and glossy leaves so thick and full,  
Thou standest like a high-born forest-queen  
Among thy maidens clustering round so fair ;—  
I love to watch thy sculptured form unfolding,  
And look into thy depths, to image there  
A fairy cavern ; and while thus beholding,  
And while the breeze floats o'er thee, matchless flower,  
I breathe the perfume, delicate and strong,  
That comes like incense from thy petal-bower,  
My fancy roams those southern woods along,  
Beneath that glorious tree, where deep among  
The unsunned leaves thy large white flower-cups hung !

1836.

## VIII.

## BEAUTY.

MEN talk of Beauty—of the earth and sky,  
And the blue stillness of sweet inland waters,  
And search all language with a lover's eye,  
For flowers of praise to deck earth's glorious daughters.  
And it is well within the soul to cherish  
Such love for all things beautiful around.  
But there is Beauty that can never perish ;  
A hidden path no "vulture's eye"\* hath found.  
Vainly ye seek it who in Sense alone  
Wander amid the sweets the world hath given ;  
As vainly ye who make the Mind the throne,  
While the Heart bends a slave, insulted, driven.  
Thou who wouldst know what Beauty this can be,  
Look on the sunlight of the Soul's deep purity.

\* "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen."—JOB xxviii. 7.

## IX.

## FIRST TRUTHS.

THEY come to me at night, but not in dreams,  
Those revelations of realities ;  
Just at the turning moment ere mine eyes  
Are closed to sleep, they come—clear sudden gleams,  
Brimfull of truth like drops from heaven's deep  
streams

They glide into my soul. Entranced in prayer,  
I gaze upon the vision shining there,  
And bless the Father for these transient beams.  
The trite and faded forms of Truth then fall.  
I look into myself, and all alone  
Lie bared before the Eternal All-in-all ;  
Or wandering forth in spirit, on me thrown  
A magic robe of light, I roam away  
To the true vision-land, unseen by day.

1837.



## X.

## MEMORY.

O MEMORY, sweet sorceress of time,  
Strange saddener of hours brightest in our Past,  
Yet sweet in dreamy sadness—thou hast cast  
Thy magic chain around me. Now the chime  
Of faint departing voices wins my soul  
Back to the unseen altar where the heart  
Once poured its fullest worship; lightnings dart  
Electric,—yet no startling thunders roll,  
But only murmur distantly and sad.  
'Tis there thou dwell'st, unnamed but unforgot,  
O vision once so dear! a different lot  
Is thine, is mine, and we have truly had  
All that this life could portion us together,  
Parted at length by storms of wintry weather.

1838.

## XI.

## SLEEP.

LIKE the dark mirror of some mountain lake  
To woods and clouds, to stars and twilight flowers,  
Art thou, O Sleep, to these our waking hours!  
From all that passes in us when awake,  
Some strange reflection thou dost ever take;  
From all events and acts thy deeps have caught  
The dim inverted images of thought  
And feeling. But as winds will sometimes break  
The stillness of the water, every gleam  
Of beauty or of order is deranged,  
And all the fairy picture wildly changed—  
So the calm image of some happiest dream  
Turns dark and dim, and with proportion lost,  
Waves, endless, shapeless, wild, even when loved the  
most.

## XII.

## SLEEP.

(Continued.)

BUT come to me, O Sleep ! I love thy spell,  
Although thy waving mirror hath no power  
To stay the visions of the midnight hour,  
Or, like the certain shapes of day, compel  
The forms that haunt the shade of memory's cell  
To stand before me. Come and bring thy dreams !  
I love to see the dim and wavering gleams,  
As journeying downward to thy mystic dell,  
I stand beside thy deep and shadowy lake ;  
Still let me come and wander at thy will,  
Through summer woods, by stream and sunny hill,  
So of the lonely darkness I may make  
A bright and peopled kingdom of my own,  
Though the dream flies, or darkens, leaving me alone !

1837.

## XIII.

## THE ROSE.

DEAR flower of heaven and love ! Thou glorious thing  
That lookest out these garden nooks among ;  
Rose, that art ever fair and ever young !  
Was it some angel on invisible wing  
Hovered around thy fragrant sleep, to fling  
His glowing mantle of warm sunset hues  
O'er thy unfolding petals, wet with dews  
Such as the flower-fays to Titania bring ?  
O flower of thousand memories and dreams,  
That take the heart with faintness, while we gaze  
On the rich depths of thy inwoven maze ;  
From the green banks of Eden's blessed streams  
I dreamed thee brought, of brighter days to tell,  
Long passed, but promised yet with us to dwell.

1838.

## XIV.

## 'THE HONEYSUCKLE.

SWEET household flower, whose clambering vines festoon  
The little porch before this cottage door,  
How dear to me when daylight's toils are o'er,  
By the broad shining of the summer moon,  
To feel thy fragrance on the breath of June  
Afloat ;—or when the rosy twilight falls,  
Ere the first night-bird to his fellow calls,  
Ere the first star is out, and the low tune  
Of Nature pauses, and the humming-birds  
Come wooing thee with swift and silent kisses,  
Ere wandering through the garden's wildernesses—  
Emblem of that calm love that needs no words,  
Let me like thee, sweet, silent clinging vine,  
Clasp my own home awhile, ere stranger home be mine.

1838.

## XV.

## MORNING.

THE earth was wandering in a troubled sleep,  
And as it wandered, dreaming tearful dreams ;  
Then came the sun adown his orient steep,  
Making sweet morning with his golden beams ;  
A parent, bending o'er his child he seems,  
Kissing its eyes, lips, cheeks, with warm embrace ;  
So kisseth he the mountains, woods and streams,  
And all the dew-like tears from off its face.  
O joy ! That father's smile is like no other—  
The child is folded in a parent's arms,  
And looks up to the sky, its blue-eyed mother,  
And laughs, with light upon its waking charms.  
Ah, happy earth ; what tender care hast thou !  
There is no midnight cloud, or dream upon thee now.

1838.

## XVI.

## NIGHT.

THE star-wrought mantle of the dewy Night  
Is folded now all round and round thee, Earth :  
Safely to rest ! this moon thy chamber-light,  
These winds thy waving curtains, and the birth  
Of white-winged mountain mists thy dreams shall be—  
Silently rising as thy slumbers fall.  
The Night is now too clear for thee to see  
The storm-clouds gather at the tempest's call,  
And fright thee with their dream-scowl as thou sleepest.  
Rest thee, O mother Earth ! The heavens above  
Shine on thy sleep, will cheer thee if thou weepest,  
And sing thee their old morning song of love ;  
They watch o'er thee, as thou when daylight comes,  
Dost watch from all thy hills, over thy children's homes.

1838.

## Sonnets on Musical Instruments.

## I.

## THE VIOLIN.

THE versatile, discursive Violin,  
Light, tender, brilliant, passionate or calm,  
Sliding with careless nonchalance within  
His range of ready utterance, wins the palm  
Of victory o'er his fellows for his grace ;  
Fine fluent speaker, polished gentleman—  
Well may he be the leader in the race  
Of blending instruments—fighting in the van  
With conscious ease and fine chivalric speed ;  
A very Bayard in the field of sound,  
Rallying his struggling followers in their need,  
And spurring them to keep their hard-earned ground.  
So the fifth Henry fought at Azincour,  
And led his followers to the breach once more.



## II.

## THE VIOLONCELLO.

LARGER and more matured, deeper in thought  
Slower in speech and of a graver tone,  
His ardour softened as if years had wrought  
Wise moods upon him, living all alone,  
A calm and philosophic eremite ;  
Yet at some feeling of remembered things,  
Or passion smothered, but not purgéd quite.  
Hark ! what a depth of sorrow in those strings ;  
See, what a storm growls in his angry breast !  
Yet list again—his voice no longer moans,  
The storm hath spent its rage and is at rest ;  
Strong, self-possessed the Violoncello's tones,  
But yet too oft like Hamlet seem to me  
A high soul struggling with its destiny.

## III.

## THE OBOE.

Now come with me beside the sedgy brook,  
Far in the fields, away from crowded street ;  
Into the flowing water let us look,  
While o'er our heads the whispering elm-trees meet.  
There will we listen to a simple tale  
Of fireside pleasures and of shepherds' loves.  
A reedy voice sweet as the nightingale,  
As tender as the cooing of the doves,  
Shall sing of Corydon and Amaryllis ;  
The grasshopper shall chirp, the bee shall hum,  
The stream shall murmur to the waterlilies,  
And all the sounds of summer-noon shall come,  
And mingling in the Oboe's pastoral tone,  
Make thee forget that man did ever sigh and moan.

## IV.

## TRUMPETS AND TROMBONES.

A BAND of martial riders next I hear,  
Whose sharp brass voices cut and rend the air.  
The shepherd's tale is mute, and now the ear  
Is filled with a wilder clang than it can bear;  
Those arrowy trumpet notes so short and bright,  
The long-drawn wailing of that loud Trombone,  
Tell of the bloody and tumultuous fight,  
The march of victory and the dying groan;  
O'er the green fields the serried squadrons pour,  
Killing and burning like the bolts of heaven;  
The sweetest flowers with cannon-smoke and gore  
Are all profaned, and Innocence is driven  
Forth from her cottages and woody streams,  
While over all, red Battle fiercely gleams.

## V.

## THE HORNS.

BUT who are these, far in the leafy wood,  
Murmuring such mellow, hesitating notes,  
It seems the very breath of solitude,  
Loading with dewy balm each breeze that floats?  
They are a peasant group, I know them well,  
The diffident, conscious Horns, whose muffled speech  
But half expresses what their souls would tell,  
Aiming at strains their skill can never reach;  
An untaught rustic band; and yet how sweet  
And soothing comes their music o'er the soul.  
Dear Poets of the forest, who would meet  
Your melodies save where wild waters roll?  
Reminding us of Him who by his plough  
Walked with a laurel-wreath upon his brow!

1843.

THE END.







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